

## FROM A CURIOUS BOOK

### How the Father of His Country Kept His Accounts.

#### WASHINGTON A BOOKKEEPER

Interesting Items Throwing Much Light on the Man's Character and on His Times.

A curious book was published in New York in 1833, bearing the imprint of Agar, Hamblin & Co., 232 Broadway, entitled, "Accounts. G. Washington with the United States. Commencing June, 1775, and Ending June, 1783, Comprehending a Space of Eight Years." It shows within the well-known handwriting of the father of his country and has on the title page a certificate signed by Michael Nourse, chief clerk of the register's office, treasury department, Washington, which says: "General Washington's account of expenses of the revolution, as the personal sacrifices which he made in his country's cause; of the financial hardships of the national cause; of the depreciation of the currency; of the shrewd foresight of the general in conducting his campaigns; of his exactness in matters of detail. Even the mistakes are characteristic of the man, and the candor with which he acknowledges them is refreshing."

The accounts are kept in various currencies, says the New York Sun. They begin with Pennsylvania currency. The first items are these:

1775.  
June 5—To the purchase of five horses (two of which were for my quarters, from James Meade) to equip me for my journey to the army at Cambridge, and for the purpose of conveying intelligence of the enemy's movements and designs. This \$33 1/2 dollars is charged in the account as \$100 lawful money. The next items are:

1775.  
To cash paid for cleaning the house which was provided for my quarters, and which had been occupied by the British regiment. 2 10 0  
July 15—Ditto to Ebenezer Austin, the steward, for household expenses. 10 00 0  
July 24—Ditto paid a French cook. 2 00 0  
July 24—Ditto paid to Austin for household expenses. 3 00 0

A note at the bottom of the page says: "The names of the persons who are employed within the enemy's line, or who may fall within their power, cannot be inserted." There are several entries for similar expenditures, and one of the final pages of the accounts in 1783 this note appears:

"Note—Before these accounts are finally closed, justice and propriety call upon me to signify that there are persons within the British lines, if they are not dead or removed, who have a claim upon the public under the strongest assurances of compensation from me for their services in conveying me private intelligence; and which, when exhibited, I shall feel myself in honor bound to pay. Why these claims have not made their appearance are this, unless from the causes above mentioned or from the inclination in them to come here until the British force is entirely removed from the United States, I know not. But I have thought it incumbent on me to bring the matter to view, that it may be held in remembrance in these claims shall hereafter appear."

The accounts contain a continued mixture of household expenses, personal expenses and military expenses. Here are some of the items:

1775.  
July 20—Mr. Austin, for household expenses. 10 00 0  
Aug. 5—Washington at sundry times. 4 10 0  
Aug. 8—To paper, sealing w.x and sundries. 6 10 0  
Sept. 1—To cash for recovering my pistols, which had been stolen, and for royal ring them. 1 10 0  
Sept. 7—To A. B. Webb, esq. for French (a prisoner) to expenses to Hartford. 12 00 0  
Sept. 15—To expenses of myself and party in reconnoitering the south and west shore of Boston harbor. 16 0 0  
Oct. 7—To household expenses at sundry times to date. 3 0 0  
Oct. 2—To field bedstead and curtains, mattresses, blankets, etc., and sundries for French persons. 22 00 0  
Oct. 3—To Walter White, for a riding mare. 40 00 0  
Oct. 8—To expenses of myself and party visiting the shores about Chelsea. 8 0 0  
Oct. 20—To cash for sundry times. 2 10 0  
Dec. 1—To barber at sundry times. 6 00 0  
1776.  
January—To farrier attending my sick horses. 2 10 0  
To the relief of a sick soldier and his children from Marblehead. 15 00 0  
Jan. 20—To cash advanced Curtis Birmingham, William Barnes and Timothy Teet, riflemen from Quebec. 3 10 0  
April 1—To Washington. 1 10 0  
To barber. 1 10 0  
To amount of money for secret services to this date. 22 00 0  
To Mr. Hastings, postage. 3 0 0  
April 6—To Mr. Fessenden, express rider, twice. 5 10 0  
To the expenses of Majors Carry and Harris, my aides-de-camp on the upper or Connecticut post road, with Mrs. Washington. 45 0 0  
This charge for Mrs. Washington's expenses is not accompanied by any note but further in the account there is a considerable charge for the expenses of her visiting her husband in camp, which he makes a public charge. This occurs under date of July 1, 1783, as follows:

To Mrs. Washington's traveling expenses in coming to and returning from my winter quarters, per account rendered, the money to defray which being taken from my private purse and brought with her from Virginia. \$1,064 1  
There is on the page where this appears a foot note showing that Washington had

some misgivings about making a public charge of the expense incurred by his wife in visiting him. He says: "Although I have no memorandum of these expenditures, I did not introduce them into my public accounts as they occurred. The reason was, it appears at first view, in the commencement of them, to have the completion of a private charge with least my doubts, and the force of the property of making it. But the peculiar circumstances attending my command, and the embarrassed situation of our public affairs which obliged me to the no small detriment of my private interest, to postpone the visit I every year contemplated to make to my family between the close of one campaign and the opening of another, and as this expense was incidental thereto and consequent of my self-denial, I have, as of right I think I ought, upon due consideration adjudged the charge as just with respect to the public, as it is convenient with respect to myself; and I have accordingly introduced it upon the final adjustment of these accounts, which, have, as will appear, been long unsettled, that I am considerably loser, my disbursements falling a good deal short of my receipts and the money I had of my own by, besides the sum I carried with me to Cambridge in 1775 and which exceeded the aforementioned balance of \$299 19 11d. I received moneys afterward on private account in 1777 and since which, except small sums that I had occasion then and there to apply to private uses, were all expended in the public service, and through hurry, I suppose, and the perplexity of business (for I know not how else to account for the discrepancy) I have omitted to charge, while every debit against me is here credited."

G. WASHINGTON.  
"July 1, 1783."  
The continuity of incongruous charges on this account is often ludicrous, as for instance:

1776.  
May 11—To expenses of myself and party reconnoitering the several landing places on Staten Island. 16 10 0  
To Washington. 8 3 4  
July 15—To guns bought. 2 10 0  
July 15—To guns bought. 13 10 0  
To my own and party's expenses in going out Fort Lee on the Jersey side of the North river. 2 00 0  
To servants at sundry times. 12 10 0  
When the books were balanced at the close of 1776, Washington found that he had made two errors in addition which were against the government. One was for \$1 and the other was for a shilling. These sums he duly charged in favor of the government. He also makes several charges for reducing the Pennsylvania currency to lawful money. One of these items is \$195 4 10d. He finds that he has received a considerable sum and expended it without keeping any record of what he spent it for.

The whole amount of the expenses of every kind which Washington charged against the government for 1775 and 1776 was \$2,728 75 10d, about the present salary of a New York police justice. The accounts are continued from January, 1777, to the close of 1781, with many charges for secret service, household expenses, reconnoitering, visits to the army or to the coast, and many to individuals for purposes not named. In September, 1781, Washington found that his books did not balance and his vouchers were short, so he charges this item: To the expenses of reconnoitering from the close to Major Gibbs' account, Nov. 21, 1781, to the commencement of them by Lieutenant Colfax, the 6th of September, 1781, amount from the best account and estimates that can be had from recollection (exclusive of what was obtained by bartering a little salt which was put into the hands of the housekeeper for that purpose) to at least. 300 00 0

The note to this item says: "This business, during the above interval, was in such variety of hands for want of a proper steward (which I in vain by myself and others endeavored to obtain) as it comprehended that space of time in which the French and American armies formed one camp at Philadelphia, and our expenses were at the highest; and as this sum corresponded as nearly as can be expected with the average expenditure per month, as will appear by Lieutenant Colfax's account since, the above sum is charged under these circumstances upon the principle which seems most equitable to justice, the public and no injustice to myself."

Of course the household charges, which form the major part of the charges, were the expenses of the headquarters of the general of the army.

There is a recapitulation of all the accounts for eight years, which is neatly placed on two pages of the book, one page for the receipts and another for the expenses. Here appears an interesting classification of the items, so that it can be seen at a glance what the money went for. The production of this page was the result of an immense amount of time and labor in poring over old accounts.

The total amount charged by Washington for all purposes for the eight years was \$16,311 17 1/2. He did not even knock off the odd penny to make it even money. Of this sum a little over one-fifth was for secret intelligence. A little over one-third was for household expenses. The remainder was about equally divided between the expenses of reconnoitering and miscellaneous charges. The average annual expenses for the eight years was about \$2,039, which, considering the great number of objects included in the accounts, was an exceedingly small sum. At the end of it all he makes out that the government owes him \$630. On July 1, 1783, he opens a new page by charging to the government his \$630. Then he adds the following item:

1783.  
July 1—To interest on \$299 19 11d, being the balance due me Dec. 1, 1776, the amount having been applied for public use in the preceding year, from whence to account July 1, 1776, I charge interest at 6 per cent. per annum. \$298 00 00

Then follows the item of \$1,064 before alluded to as the expenses of Mrs. Washington for going to and from her headquarters, and he foots up the entire sum due him at \$1,972 94 4d. Among the credits in these accounts is one under the date of May 13, 1783, of \$138 16d, and to this a foot note in Washington's handwriting appears in these words:

"This sum stands in my account as a credit to the public, but I can find no charge of it against me in any of the public offices. Where the mistake lies I know not, but I wish it could be ascertained. I have no desire to injure or be injured."

Phenomenal and Inexplicable.

From the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Well," remarked Bangle to Dukans, "I see that your lawsuit with Shingles has turned out in your favor."

"Yes, sir; I am glad to confirm that news."

"That's about it; but what surprised me was my lawyer's fee."

"Heavy, was it?"

"No, it was light. He charged me only \$150, while I had lost it to be about \$500. What do you think of that?"

"I think it was a nominal fee."

"Yes, indeed; phenomenal, one might say."

## RESCUED FROM BANDITS

### One Man's Extraordinary Strength Saves a Fair Senorita.

#### LEADER OF A TOUGH BAND

An Encounter With the Notorious Mexican Desperado, Antonio Carrasco—He Was Then But a Boy, But Already Bad.

From the Detroit Free Press.  
In San Antonio, Tex., we are close enough to the frontier of Mexico to be keenly interested at all times in the well-known characters who live or do business along the frontier, and who are almost without exception participants in some very thrilling ventures. "The Bloody Peninsula" is an especially fruitful field of adventure, and the death of Texas rangers, some time ago, followed by the equally startling murder of Deputy Sheriff Pastrana three or four weeks ago, has called attention to this hot-bed of "violence" more than ever.

For a number of years the ranchmen along the Rio Grande have suffered from the depredations of bandits who live in the mountains of Coahuila and who make incursions across the line and are generally under the leadership of the prince of devils, Antonio Carrasco. Both Fustelman and Pastrana, mentioned above, were victims of the unerring aim of Carrasco, and it was in discussing the death of the latter, when Frank Bonaire, an old-timer, told the following story to a few San Antonio friends last night:

"At the close of the late war I started south towards Central America with a number of other Confederate officers, but some of their schemes were too visionary for me, so our differences of opinion separated us, and I crossed the Rio Grande with only my colored body servant. We stopped for rest on the edge of the state of Coahuila and spent several days with an old native there, sleeping the days and nights away and getting the first good rest we had enjoyed for months. My servant, Nick, was a splendid specimen of physical development, but he had lost more rest and sleep than I had, for he had taken care of me while wounded, and so was nearly fagged out when we crossed into Mexico. Our rest restored him to his normal condition, however, and at the end of the week his six feet four of vigorous manhood tipped the scale at about 250 pounds. His remarkable feats of strength were a constant source of amusement to the people of the country, and he took a great deal of pleasure in 'showing off' when not in my presence.

"During our stay with the small Mexican farmer we heard a great deal of a vicious and daring and handsome young lad of 18 or 19 years of age, who was called Carrasco. The story was that this lad, whose name was Antonio Carrasco, had come home one evening to find his father and mother killed, his home gutted of all valuables and his sister and girl of 16—carried away. He had applied to the authorities for a force of men to hunt down the miscreants, had been put off with excuses and delays, and finally refused. Believing, whether justly or not, that one of the men in authority had most excellent reasons for refusing the assistance asked, he walked into that official's private quarters, and though unarmed, cursed him for a villain, and in his anger he threatened to kill him with prompt and complete vengeance. Soldiers were at once called, but the lad jumped out of a window and escaped to the mountains. He made good his word. Within the first year his enemy's father and mother were taken to the mountains, tortured and their heads placed on stakes in the highway; his young sister was murdered and her body thrown into the street with a dagger pinned a letter to her chest; and the suspected officer himself was captured, taken to the mountains, tortured into confession, and then slowly into death. Young Carrasco with his small band had, however, committed such crimes by the time that rewards were offered for his capture, and he pledged himself to eternal fidelity and devoted the rest of his lives to outlawry.

"Such was the story as we gathered it, and we learned that the lad was still the leader of the band and that they obeyed him implicitly. Though educated, accomplished and aristocratic, he made war upon the aristocracy and stripped the wealthy of their property, and he was known that though he would retain his popularity and, as a consequence, his supremacy.

"The day finally came when I was preparing to leave and go southward to herd Mexico City, and Carrasco was packing up when he turned to me and said:

"Marse Cap'n, d'you know I'd like two of those ferrets you've been hearin' so much about? And Nick then told me a conversation he had overheard in regard to a contemplated attack upon some hacienda, the name of which he had not heard.

"I told Nick they were trying to fool him and he said he'd let her over to them, and so the matter was dismissed; but it gave me more uneasiness than I cared to show. Don Jose Garcia, who had a splendid property close by, had been made a prisoner for defense, and had no doubt sufficient wealth to tempt the cupidity of a bandit; and besides, if the nature of the young villain was described correctly, the beauty of the young Senorita Donna Inez would prove temptation enough. I had met Don Garcia for a family several times, and I could not bear the thought of such gentle and refined people being attacked by such a gang. His household consisted only of himself, his daughter, a young man, a duenna and the usual servants, and I began to feel uneasy.

"We bade our landlord adieu and started off before daylight next morning and as we passed Don Garcia's house I felt irresistibly urged to warn him up and warn him. I loitered around hoping that some of the servants might appear, but seeing none, I finally rang the large bell in front, wondering how I could explain my strange action, when it was answered from around the house by a long-drawn wail of a dog. Nick hurried around the house and came back with his face almost ashen in his fright. The bodies of the servants were lying here and there in death. And not a soul could be found. The dog, being frightened as he had started up a hard leading back into the mountain as fast as he could run, and in hopes that he might lead us to someone, we kept him in sight as well as we could. Presently we lost him, and reaching the spot where we last saw him we looked in every direction. Hitting our horses we started through the underbrush, and a growl called our attention to the dog standing by the bound and gagged form of the old don. Beating the dog off we released Don Garcia and learned the facts as well as his broken English could give them. Carrasco and his band had surprised him, killed the servants, brought him to this wild place to starve to death, and had gone with his daughter. His anguish was pitiable. Putting him up on the horse in front of me, I made him understand that we would depend on him to guide us, and away we went over the route the brigands had taken. There were only five of them, he said, and I

thought that if we could catch them before they reached their den or join their comrades, we could surprise them with good chance of success. In about half an hour we came to an abrupt turn of the road and saw them below us preparing breakfast. They were on a shelf of rock which was on the side of the mountain, on one side of which the mountain rose perpendicularly; on the other side was a direct fall of a thousand feet. Before them the road wound slowly down into the valley, and behind them were three, creeping forward to surprise them. We could see the lovely Donna Inez, and the brutes had actually tied a lariat around her slender wrists.

We crept forward—Nick and I, the old don being ordered to stand still—and the surprise was complete. At our first fire, two of the men dropped dead and the fire from the other three at us was harmless. They did not know how many there were of us, and our sudden onslaught caused them to believe that their lives were in danger. So they sprang to their horses, rushed over the little rise, which formed a sort of natural rampart, and galloped down the road and around the curve toward the valley. Our first work was to relieve Donna Inez, and revive her maid, who had fainted, and then I urged haste in getting started back. My solicitation appeared almost rude to the affectionate father and daughter at their meeting, perhaps, but we all soon realized the importance, for the entire number of the robber band had come to reinforce Carrasco, and he now had about 20 with him. I saw the uselessness of any further struggle with two tired horses, for us five, and I determined upon a bold stroke.

"Nick," said I, "can you run down around that curve, catch that boyish-looking leader and carry him here if you are not interfered with?"

"Why, yes, I can, Marse Cap'n, if I ain't interfered with. But what's game to keep 'em from interfering with me?" asked Nick.

"When you start down they will not attack," I replied, "because they will think you have deserted us. If you can catch that young villain by the wrists you can easily throw him on your back, with one arm drawn tight over each of your shoulders, and while they are coming back, and they will not dare shoot for fear of killing him. The only risk is in some of them being quick enough to get on his horse and catch you before you get back. But I will cover you with my rifle. They are all off their horses now."

"Nuff said," was Nick's reply, as he rushed off down the slope. I placed myself out in view, drew my rifle on Nick, and just as I had supposed, they prepared to receive him as a deserter. Rushing up to young Carrasco, Nick grasped each wrist, turned him over upon his own back, and was unopposed. Nick headed off the stupid Mexican could stir. A howl went up; two men started after him on foot; two more sprang for horses, and the suspense to us may be imagined. One man got his horse quicker than I thought it would, and was yelling for the footmen to clear the way, came charging up the road. I was very careful with my aim and killed his horse before he got half way to Nick. This shot gave Nick time to get on our side with his burden, and the whole crowd below came pell mell up the slope at us.

"I gave Nick orders at once to hold Carrasco, suspended over the side of the mountain, and as soon as this was done I told Carrasco to order his men to halt till we could discuss matters. At the same time I told Nick to hurl him over if the men came past a boulder 50 yards down, and I asked the don to take one of the guns lying on the ground and hand the other one to either his daughter or her maid. The young villain Carrasco pretended not to understand me, but when his men had almost reached that boulder, his voice rang clear as a bugle, and stopped them as if they had been jerked up with a rope. Then they saw his peril and a cry of horror went up. He cooly told them the situation; that we were only three against 20, and that they could easily get all the booty, but that he would be thrown to the vultures.

"If they restore me to you," he added, "they will probably insist upon our returning all we got at the hacienda. Shall we do this, or shall I bid you adieu, let you retain what you have, revenge my death, and elect another leader?"

"No! no!" they exclaimed with one voice. "Make any terms possible, so it saves our life or us!"

"I ordered Nick to bring the young brigand over to me (Donna Inez explaining the foregoing conversation), and we began our negotiations through our fair interpreter. It was some time before they agreed upon terms, but we finally did, and in accordance therewith each man was called up one at a time and ordered to deposit all his weapons with Nick. This agreement was carried out, and what weapons we could carry with us were thrown over the side of the mountain.

"As soon as we got back to the hacienda a little peon boy from one of the tenant's houses, was sent for a physician, who bound up the old don's wounds, dressed his daughter's wrist, and then turned his attention to Nick's legs, which we found were pretty badly cut up by young Carrasco's spurs when he was kicking and struggling to get loose. "We stayed with the old don for about 10 days, during which time he turned his place into a regular fort capable of standing a month's siege, and then I left him, satisfied that he would be able to prevent a recurrence of the bandit's raid. During the same time also the kind old fellow intimated that I could win the heart and hand of his beautiful daughter if I wished, but she had confided to me her love for a young Spaniard who was 'handsome as a picture,' and so I acted as love's ambassador to the stern but loving father, and won the eternal gratitude of Donna Inez and her maid."

"When the old don offered to give Nick a start, however, I did not feel justified in refusing; so my former servant is now quite a well-to-do Mexican and married to the senorita's Mexican maid. I went on to Mexico, got into business, and have now about enough to keep a man of few wants comfortable for the rest of his life."

"I never hear or read of any of Carrasco's pranks, however, that the whole scene he has partially described doesn't come up before me again as distinctly as it appeared to me that early morning in the mountains of Coahuila."

She Returned the Compliment.  
There is a curious marriage custom in Brittany. At the close of the wedding ceremony the bridegroom gives the bride a box on the ear, saying:

"That is how it feels when you make me vexed," after which he kisses her, adding, "and thus when you treat me well."

A Breton once married a German lass from Suabia, and gave her the usual salute on leaving the altar, but the resolute damsel, ignorant of the prevailing custom, without waiting for the kiss, dealt her swain a tremendous clout on the side of the face and said:

"Look here, I'll have none of that!"

The young fellow rubbed his cheek, and knew now, at least, that his better half would not stand any nonsense.—London Tid-Bits.

A letter sent from Mauch Chunk, Pa. to Calcutta, via Queenstown, immediately mailed back to Mauch Chunk, via Hong Kong and San Francisco, made the circuit of the globe in 68 days.

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